

LOVE'S HARVESTING.

BY ALFRED ARTHUR.

Nay, do not quarrel with the seasons, dear,
Nor make an enemy of friendly Time.
The fruit and foliage of the falling year
Rival the buds and blossoms of its prime.
Is not the harvest moon as round and bright
As that to which the nightingales did sing?
And thou, that call'st thyself my satellite,
Wilt seem in Autumn all thou art in Spring.
When staidest sunshine follows daffodil rain,
And gleams the daisies where once passed the
plover,
Since tender green hath grown to mellow grain,
Love then will scatter seed it scatters now,
And, like contented reaper, rest its head
Upon the sheaves itself hath harvested.
—The Academy.

A WIFE'S TACT.

Every house has its "usually" days once in awhile, when a "nor-easter" brews in the heavens and on the earth, giving every member of the household either a toothache or rheumatism, or the "blues." It was just such a time as this at our house last week. To cap the climax, about noon company was announced, and we had planned for "a picked up dinner." I was in despair, and went down to the parlor with such an inhospitable face that my little friend exclaimed, as she came forward to meet me: "You aren't glad to see me one bit, Aunt Sue!"

I was, though, and all my ill-nature vanished in a moment at the sight of her sad face.

"What is it, Kitty? What is the matter?" I asked, tenderly.

"I'm in trouble, Aunt Sue, and I thought perhaps you could help me." And the sweet face struggled bravely with tears.

"Of course I can, dear child. Take off your wraps and have lunch with me, and then you shall tell me all about it."

Kitty is one of my children—an old maid's darling. Why she ever took a fancy to "Aunt Sue" is quite impossible to say; but the reasons for my particularity to her are self-evident to all who know her, for who can help loving the thoroughly good, sincere, loving little woman. Then I had been her teacher before her marriage, and "foster mother" she had called me through a very desolate orphanage. She is the wife of a promising young lawyer, and though her lips had never been sealed on the subject, we had a long time feared she was not a happy wife.

"Let me sit on this stool at your feet, auntie, and lay my head on your knee—so—as I used to do long ago. Oh, it seems so long ago!"

"How long, pray, Kitty? You talk like an old woman!"

"It is five years since Fred carried me off, you know, auntie."

"Five years to grow happy and wise, dear?"

"Yes, but, oh, auntie, Fred doesn't love me one bit. It's so dreadful to tell you, though."

It was all out now, and the flushed face outlined itself in my lap for shame and sorrow, while the poor hands worked convulsively.

"Tell me all about it, Kitty," I replied, striking the soft hair soothingly. "Fred is a noble fellow; I fear there is something wrong with you."

It was the old story of want of congeniality and oneness in habits of thought and action. The young husband loved society, public life, elegant dinners, and an ever-hospitable board. He loved his young wife, too—no mistake about that—and wanted to take her everywhere with him, but, perhaps, too volatile and fond of display. She, by nature and habit, was very different, loving privacy, domestic life, and above all things, her books. Society to her was a bore, and to keep open house an utter weariness of flesh and spirit. So they had grown apart, sharp, recriminating words being spoken, and heartaches nursed, and each finding solace for a disappointed, vexed spirit in opposite ways. It was easy to see the chasm before their feet—this young pair who had vowed to walk together "till death do us part." Both were wrong, and I trembled for my bonnie Kate.

"Kitty," said I, "I have a story to tell you. There is a lesson in it, if you really love your husband. I have a friend—a right royal woman, too—who married a man prominent in business knowledge, and so absorbed therein as to have little interest in other things. He admired his elegant wife, though, and liked to see her presiding over his table and entertaining his business acquaintances. Yet between these two there seemed a great gulf, fixed—not one thing in common. When alone, there was nothing to talk about; no level ground on which to meet. To the wife there was thrallism and humiliation in such a life, but instead of turning away from her husband, or nursing dislike, she determined on a noble conquest. She turned her attention to political economy, studied everything pertaining to business—banks, brokerage, railroad stocks, market reports, the rise and fall of all kinds of property, the National debt and the currency question. Wasn't she a plucky woman? By and by she began to talk, arresting her husband's ear by her knowledge of facts, lucid statements and evident acquaintance with all financial questions. Curious was it not? Amazed, he watched her with delight and growing admiration. Soon he began to defer to her judgment, ask her advice and quote her opinions. In his eyes, her opinions are of worth on every subject. Wise woman. Do you not see that she has conquered him in his citadel?"

"Now, dear child, go home and adopt this rule. Adapt yourself so thoroughly to your husband's peculiarities that a love so deep and strong and unselfish will be born in his heart for you that you can mold him as you will; so that he can but choose to yield to your preference as the law of his life, the joy of his heart. You can not force a point, but by loving integrity and not you can wield a chain to bind your husband and hand and foot which he will never feel."

"I'll try it, Aunt Sue," said the little woman, with such a flash of spirit, will and hope that I knew she would conquer.

Have I one dissatisfied husband for a reader? Don't yield to dependency or ill-humor. Above all, don't turn away in silent pride. Respect each other's rights, preferences and secret sorrows. Try the golden rule. Use love and tact and you are sure to win.

He Knows How to Show Goods.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Captain Howard, the American who handles the Gatling gun for Middleton's forces, is, it appears, simply a plain, every-day commercial traveler for a Connecticut firm, showing off its goods.

He wants to sell the Connecticut Government some Gatlings, and he proposes to make it clear that his house puts perfectly trustworthy goods on the market. Other firms may sell guns that won't shoot, or, if they do shoot, won't hit anything, but he demonstrates not only that the Connecticut Gatling—none sure without the firm name

bitten in the breech—will both shoot and hit.

"You observe, gentlemen," he may be presumed to remark, as he rolls over a few half breeds, "that her range is beautiful, that she doesn't waste powder, that she works easily and rapidly, and that she mows 'em. I'll venture to observe that no house but ours can put such a gun on the market at the price. All warranted. Take a card." When the National Drummers' Association meets next fall we hope to Captain Howard elected to the Presidency to succeed Mulholland.

Keeping Hens on the Farm.

A Fort Plain (N. Y.) correspondent of the Cultivator writes: All kinds of grain may be fed to fowls with benefit. Variety seems to be an advantage, and probably from habit. It is true, a single grain with the necessary animal and vegetable accompaniments will secure profit, particularly if that grain be wheat, least so, probably, if corn; but the almost universal testimony is in favor of a variety of feed.

It is in the nature of the hen, as of the milk cow, to do best when its treatment and surroundings contribute most to its contentment, making the proverbial singing hen that will lay. To afford it comfortable quarters and a sufficient range, with a variety of food and pure water, satisfy it, and dispose it to propagation, which, under such circumstances, means the greatest amount of eggs.

The hen is a domestic fowl, and has domestic attachments, and unless made to feel at home and unmolested, it will be loth to respond to the demands of maternity. A hen that is disturbed or frightened will not lay more than if allowed to suffer from neglect and starvation.

Very rarely, however, is it doubtful whether much, if any, profit on the whole is obtained from eggs; rather it is a loss from the damage done by the fowls where a free run is allowed, as is more or less the case. All kinds of breed have been tried here with pretty much the same result. They are a damage to the grain, the garden, and are not a benefit to the grass, to say nothing of their fouling the walks, their uncertain hatching, and bringing out broods in the fall, when not wanted.

In the exceptional cases, where farmers keep up their fowls and have them properly attended to, it is quite different; and it is on the farm where they can be better taken care of usually than elsewhere, on account of their food, which, in its variety, is raised on the farm, and the abundance of space for a range which the farm affords, besides, there are usually members enough of the family to see to the fowls, which lessens the cost of attendance. Not a few farmers take advantage of this—which more ought to do, since they are bound to have the convenience of eggs (fresh eggs) and also fowls for the table, and with their better means for keeping hens sometimes secure a large income and larger profit than is realized by the professional poultry keeper. It is their superior advantages that enable them to do this, and if they keep here at all let them keep them well—in undisturbed possession of comfortable quarters, with a variety of food, which the farm affords and sufficient ground and grass in summer for green feed and exercise, and it is a plan that has proved to be excellent, as well as more easy, to allow the hens to have access to their grain feed at all times, so as to avoid over feeding, keeping it where they can not waste or foul it, and let wheat or wheat screenings be not the least portion of the grain. The exchange of grass and insects, which form part of the food of fowls during the summer, is more convenient than any other means of securing fresh and animal food for winter. In this way poultry can be made a profitable annex to the farm.

Not a Black Agent.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

There is a general of local fame who went through a very unhappy quarter of an hour a week or so ago. He has just returned from the East. There he made the acquaintance of a young gentleman who is engaged to be married to a very charming Oakland girl. The truth is, that always in the necessary of separation of lovers, burned in the young man's breast, and he took the opportunity, when the general was leaving, to load him down with messages of love and a book for his fiancée. The gallant warrior undertook the commission with all willingness, and when he had rested from his trip he started off one Sunday morning for Oakland with the book under his arm. He sought out the address given him, for the young girl was a stranger to him, and as he approached he saw a lady seated on the steps of an Oakland villa. He opened the gate and walked in with an imposing martial air. They lady eyed him with an unfavorable look.

"You are Mrs. Jenkinson?"

"I am."

"I have here a book."

"I don't want any books."

"Is there a Miss Jenkinson?"

"There is."

"Is she at home?"

"Yes."

"I have here a book."

"Miss Jenkinson doesn't want any books."

"Hear it at, madam! I'm not book agent. Your daughter's sweetheart in New York asked me to deliver this book to her with his love. I don't care a darn whether she wants it or not. Here it is. Good day, madam!"

The existence of pleuro pneumonia in Missouri is causing alarm all over that State. The Governor has been requested to convene the Legislature for the purpose of adopting measures for preventing its spread.

Take the milk from ewes that have plenty, and make their lambs go short, before resorting to cow's milk for a supply for those lambs that are not provided for.

What Will To-Morrow Bring?

Don't know. Either clear weather or cloudy. Either storm or sunshine. Either sickness or health, or the perhaps a milding condition, half way between the two. If you are ailing and poorly to-day, you may be enjoying relief to-morrow, if you will only take Brown's Iron Bitters.

Have you this price of fowls in the house, look joyfully and hopefully for the comfort of the morrow. It cures neuritis, headache, dyspepsia, weakness, etc.

The milk crop in England is now £30,000, 000, or about \$150,000,000. This is more than the value of the wheat crop, and the discrepancy increases yearly, as the tendency is to stock feeding rather than to grain growing.

Sick headache, which affects so many men and women, arises from a variety of causes, but the most frequent source of trouble lies in the stomach. The best corrective of stomach disorders known to modern medical science, is Miehler's Herb Bitters, a medicine composed of the best and most wholesome herbal properties. Lieutenant Jackson, of Westfall, N. Y., declares that he suffered severely for many years from this distressing disorder, and found a complete cure in this great Bitters.

VICTOR HUGO.

Death of a Noted Man—An Entertaining Outline of His Life Work.

Victor Hugo died yesterday afternoon at his home in Paris, France. Victor Marie Hugo was born in Besancon, February 26, 1802. The son of an officer whose duties called him out of France, he was carried in childhood to Elbe, Corsica, Switzerland and Italy. In 1809, he was taken to Paris; and here for two years, under the exclusive supervision of his mother and the care of an old priest, he commenced his classical studies in company with an elder brother, Eugene, and a young girl, who afterward became his wife. In 1811, his father having been made General and appointed Major-domo of Joseph Bonaparte, the new King of Spain, Victor went to Madrid and entered the Seminary of Nobles with a view of becoming one of the pages of Joseph; but subsequent events defeated this design.

In 1812 Madame Hugo returned to Paris with her two sons, and had their classical education continued by the same clergyman who had already instructed them. On the fall of the Empire a separation took place between the General and his wife, and thenceforth the young man was placed entirely under the control of the former. He entered a private academy to prepare himself for admission to the Polytechnic School. Here he evinced some taste and ability for mathematics, but a much stronger inclination toward poetry, and his first poem gave promise of such talent that his father was finally persuaded to allow him to follow literature as his vocation. In 1817 he presented to the French Academy a poem upon "Les avantages de l'etude." He afterward won three prizes in succession at the Toulouse academy of floral games. His first volume of "Odes et Ballades" (1822) created a sensation. Two novels, "Han d'Islande" (1823) and "Bug Jargal" (1826), exhibited him as an original and forcible prose writer, but already displayed that predilection for the horrible and monstrous which characterizes most of his greater productions. His second volume of "Odes et Ballades" appeared in 1826. About this period, in conjunction with Sainte Beuve, Antoine and Emile Deschamps, A. de Vigny, Boulangier, the painter, and David, the sculptor, he formed a literary association called the "Génie." In the meetings of which new literary and artistic doctrines were debated. They also established a periodical called "La Muse Française," which attracted little attention. The drama of "Cromwell" (1827) although unsuitable for the stage, was presented as a specimen of the literary reform aimed at by the group; but it had much less importance than the prize, which was a treatise on aesthetics. Thenceforth Victor Hugo was the acknowledged leader of the romanticists, who waged earnest war against their opponents, the classicists. His claims to the leadership were strengthened in 1828 by the publication of "Les Orientales." "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné," which followed, fascinated the public by its vivid delineation of the mental tortures of a man doomed to execution. The contest between the two camps reached its height in 1830, when on February 26 1830, the drama of "Hernani" was produced at the Theatre Français. In 1831 Hugo won another dramatic triumph with "Marion Desloraine," while his lyrical poems, "Les feuilles d'herbe," and his novel, "Notre Dame de Paris," were received with enthusiasm. The performance of his dramas, "Le roi s'amuse" (1832), "Lucrèce Borgia" and "Marie Tudor" (1833), "Angelo, tyran de Padoue" (1835), "Les voix intérieures" (1837), and "Les rayons et les ténèbres" (1840) were highly popular; and his novel, "Claude Gueux," "Etienne ou le maître," "Littérature et philosophie mêlées" (1831), and "Le khif" (1842) were scarcely less successful. His literary reputation had secured his election to the French Academy in 1841, notwithstanding the opposition of the members attached to the old classic school; and having thus reached the highest distinction in literature, he now indulged in political aspirations, which was partly gratified by his election in 1845 a Peer of France by King Louis Philippe. On the restoration of the Bourbons he was elected a Deputy to the Constituent Assembly, where he generally voted with the Conservative party. On his re-election to the Legislative Assembly, he evinced more democratic and socialist tendencies. In vehement speeches he denounced the reactionary tendencies of the majority, and the secret policy of President Louis Napoleon. On the coup d'état of December 2, 1851, Hugo was among those Democrats who vainly attempted to assert the rights of the Assembly and to preserve the Constitution. He took refuge in the island of Jersey, where, while retaining his literary pen, he continued his opposition to Louis Napoleon, publishing "Napoleon la Patrie" (1852), and his bitter satires, "Les Châtiments" (1853). Two years later he was compelled, on account of some hostile manifestations to the French Government, to remove to the island of Guernsey. He was elected to the amnesty offered to political exiles in 1859. In 1860 he published "Les Contemplations," a collection of lyrical and personal poems, and in 1869 "La Légende des siècles" (two vols., 8vo.), a series of poems mainly of a religious character. "L'Année de la République" which had been announced several years before, appeared in nine languages simultaneously at Paris, London, Brussels, Madrid, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Turin and New York (April, 1872). Its success equalled that of any of his previous works. An illustrated edition, published in Paris (Paris, 1862-'63), attained a sale of 150,000 copies. In 1865 he published "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," in which all of the peculiarities of the author were exhibited in an exaggerated degree. "Les Traillans de la Mer" (1866) was also very popular; but "L'homme qui rit" (1869), in which the author's fondness for monstrous creatures was carried to its height, did not attain so great a success. In 1869 he again refused to avail himself of the privilege of returning to France afforded him by the amnesty of 1871. He published in 1870 a protest against the plebiscite of May 8, 1870, ratifying the new reforms of the Empire, the violence of which caused it to be officially condemned. After the fall of the Emperor and the proclamation of the new republic, he returned to Paris and soon after issued an address to the Germans, calling upon them to proclaim a German Republic, and extend the hand of friendship to France. On February 8, 1871, he was elected one of the forty-three Representatives of the Department of the Seine to the National Assembly. He there vehemently opposed the parliamentary treaty of peace between France and Germany. This aroused against him the anger of the party of "the Right," and on March 8, when he attempted to address the Assembly, the opposition was so violent that he left the tribune and immediately resigned his seat. Returning to Paris when the insurrection of the Commune broke out, he vainly protested in the Rallye against the destruction of the Vendôme column, and soon after went to Brussels, where on May

26 he wrote a letter protesting against the course of the Belgian Government in regard to the insurgents of Paris, and offering an asylum to the soldiers of the Commune. This excited the hostility of the Belgian Government and of the populace of Brussels; his house was surrounded in the night by a mob and he escaped only by the intervention of the police. Being required by the Government to quit Brussels he went to London, and, after the condemnation of the leaders of the Commune, he returned to Paris and interceded with M. Thiers energetically, though vainly, in behalf of Rossel, Rochefort and others of the Communist leaders. At the election in Paris on January 7, 1872, he was presented by all the radical newspapers as their candidate, but was defeated. During the siege of Paris a new edition of "Les Châtiments" was published, and more than 100,000 copies were sold. In 1872 he published a volume of poetry, entitled "Année Terrible," depicting the misfortunes of France. On May 10 of that year he commenced, in company with his son Francois and others, the publication of a democratic journal, called "Le Peuple Souverain." His latest novel, "Quatrevingt-treize" (1874) relates to the war in Vendée, and introduces Robespierre, Danton and Marat. It was published simultaneously in French, English, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Hungarian and other languages, Hugo deriving 80,000 francs from these translations alone. The latest edition of Hugo's works, complete to the time of publication, was published in Paris in 1862-63, in 20 vols., 12 mo. Two of his sons, Charles Victor (born in 1826, died March 16, 1871) and Francois Victor (born in 1828, died December 26, 1873), distinguished themselves as pupils of the Comenius school, and in 1858-59 contributed to the newspaper L'Evenement, which supported the politics of their father. The elder, on account of an article on the death penalty, was sentenced to six months imprisonment. Both accompanied their father in his exile, and directed the literary house to literature. Charles published several light novels, among which "La Bohème Dorée" was especially successful. Francois, after translating with considerable success the sonnets of Shakespeare into French, began in 1859 a translation of his Ironic works, which he completed in 1865. The brothers returned to France in 1869 and commenced the publication of the Rallye, in company with Rochefort, who, however, soon separated from them. Francois, at the time of his death, had nearly completed an edition of a posthumous work by his brother Charles, "Les Hommes de l'exil." One of the two brothers of Victor Hugo, Jules Abel (born in 1808, died in 1855), deserves mention as a literary man.

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A joint meeting of the committees of the Holstein and Dutch Friesian Associations was recently held at Genesee, N. Y., with a view to the union of the two associations and their incorporation as the Holstein Friesian Association of America. A series of resolutions were adopted appointing committees and fixing the basis on which the union is to be made, and the meeting adjourned until May 26.

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PINKEYE.



A Remarkable Cure of a Horse.

Col. James L. Fleming, a prominent grocery merchant, a member of the firm of Fleming & Lofton, Augusta, Ga., makes the following statement of the treatment of a valuable horse with Swift's Specific:

In the fall of 1883 I had a valuable colt taken with a severe case of pinkeye, which resulted in the most fearful case of blood poisoning I have ever seen. After eight or nine months of doctoring with every remedy that I could hear of, I despaired of a cure. At this time the horse was unable to move, because of swollen limbs. His right hind leg was as large as a man's body, and had on it over forty running sores. He had also a number of large sores on his body and other limbs. He was most pitiable looking object, and I was advised to let him suffer with the shot gun. He was a valuable animal and I did not want to lose him. After making my brain in search for another remedy more efficacious, I thought of Swift's Specific. I knew it was valuable to the human family as a blood purifier and why should it not be for the animal as well? I did not hesitate, but sent last July to Atlanta for a supply.

I began the treatment with 4 oz. of S. S. S. and 4 oz. of water three times a day. This I continued for a week. Then I increased the dose to 6 oz. of each, and continued for a week. Then I increased to 8 oz. and ran it a week, when I went back to 6 oz. again. The result was that at the end of the first week the horse had a fair appetite, and he had not since his sickness. At the end of the second week even greater improvement was apparent, for many of the sores were healing nicely, and the horse manifested a desire to move about. At the end of the third week he began to show gain in flesh, and had full appetite. The swelling and about disappeared. I used in all about 15 bottles of Swift's Specific, and when I quit use the horse had only four small sores left on him, and they healed up immediately.

In August last all symptoms of the disease passed away, and up to date no signs of the return of the trouble have made their appearance, and the horse has done a mile's work on my farm.

I regard it one of the most remarkable cures I have ever known. Thus this great medicine has proven a boon to the animal as well as to the human race.

Augusta, Jan. 9, 1885.

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